

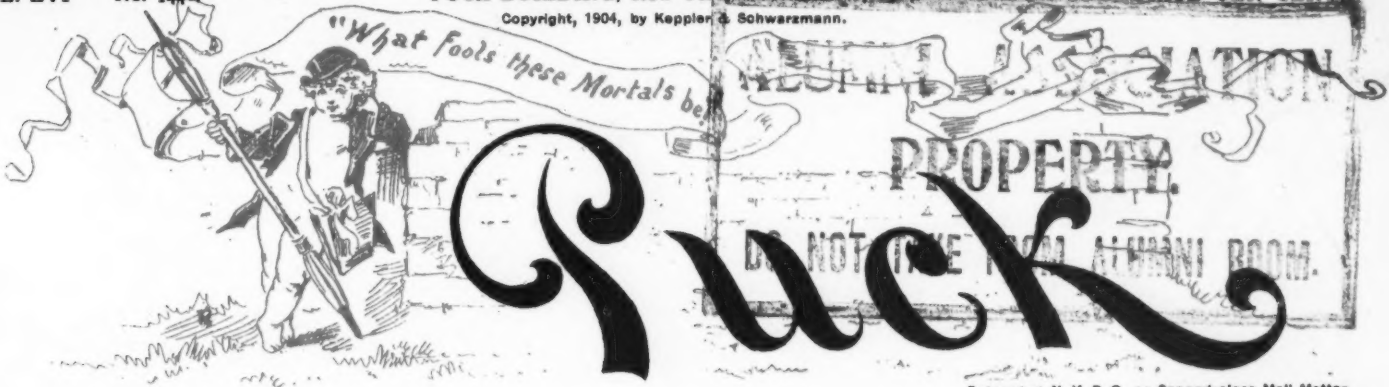
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RUNNING AMUCK.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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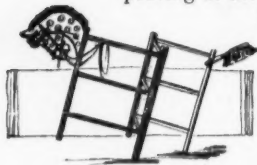
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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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FOR THE moment the Chauffeur and the Automobile have descended from the seats of the mighty, and the 'Horse with his aide-de-camp the Groom rules the hour. As usual, the Court of His Equine Majesty is a brilliant one. Every man, woman and child in or out of Society who can beg, borrow or steal the proper garments in which to pay his respects to King Horse is to be seen at the Garden. All the world and his wife or the wife of some other is to be gazed upon by the vulgar and without extra charge. The beau monde and the demi-monde rub elbows in this one common spot where all may enter who have the price. There be some cavillers at this annual exhibition but they are of those who would cavil at anything that is brilliant and fine and uplifting. As for Mr. Puck he rejoices in the equine orgies of the ides of November. He appreciates their full moral and educational import. He believes there is much that is ethically improving in the modest demeanor of the animal who is celebrated



by Society year in and year out as a part of its social duty. The gentleness, the good breeding, the self-respect, the courage, the intelligence, the lack of ostentation and self-consciousness, the freedom from envy, hatred and malice of the average horse is something that is daily becoming more than ever worthy of human contemplation. And as for the human exhibit we have never yet seen high Society in action but that it had its improving effect upon our manners either by what it taught us to do, or by force of example taught us to avoid. No man capable of an impression of any kind after visiting the horse-show would ever think of wearing spats anywhere else than on his feet. No person however unimpressible can plead ignorance of the laws of fashion after a half hour's contemplation of the elect in the boxes, on the promenades, and about the ring-side. Indeed so valuable are the lessons and hints to be derived from watching these Manners Makers of ours in action at such a function that Puck sincerely wishes they might be held more frequently. What a boon it would be for the vulgar if the ultra-refined would only consent to exhibit themselves twice a month for their edification and instruction as entertainingly and as comprehensively as they do at this annual festival of Bucephalus!

WE DO not credit the influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Morgan's highly commendable resolve to return to its original owners the stolen Ascoli Cope. Notwithstanding all that has been said about Shipping Trusts, United States Steel Corporation, Disseminated Copper and a good many other things that make interesting reading in our Magazines, and in which our leaders of high finance figure largely, these gentlemen have lofty standards of personal honor for which the mass of the public unfortunately give them little credit. No one at any time has doubted that once Mr. Morgan was convinced that the Cope in question had come into his possession by means that were not free from suspicion of rascality he would return it to its owners by right, and himself suffer the loss which his failure to assure himself of a clear title in the beginning was bound to inflict upon somebody. The incident, regrettable as it is in many ways, is not devoid of salutary features, and for the lessons it teaches we may rejoice that it has occurred. The desire of our men of great wealth to possess treasures of art, examples of the handiwork of famous embroiderers, specimens of the wondrous skill of distinguished sculptors and painters, has as its natural corollary the desire of persons of covetous disposition to

gratify their lust for dollars. Hence it is that the collector of large means becomes an innocent source of danger to the moveable chattels of foreign institutions, as is clearly shown by this recent transaction in which Mr. Morgan is so heavily mulcted. Where there is a demand experience teaches us that there will be a supply. We doubt not that if Mr. Rockefeller were to desire a spire of the Milan Cathedral for the top of one of his oil tanks some adventurous person would engage to deliver the goods, but it is equally true that none of these gentlemen would wish to encourage the theft of the article for whose possession they are covetous. The remedy is a simple one, and that is that purchasers of the unusual thing should not accept title that has not been able to bear the strictest scrutiny. Mr. Morgan would not buy a piece of real-estate in whose title there was any flaw. He would have been \$60,000 better off this morning had he been equally careful of the integrity of his deeds to the Ascoli Cope.



IT APPEARS that PUCK has made a pretty serious error in intimating last week that Mr. Foxhall Keene is a comparatively unknown person who has never achieved anything in this world which should make his private affairs a subject of proper public interest. We are in receipt of several protests calling attention to our crass ignorance of certain historical facts in the face of which we really stand appalled, and we hasten to apologize to the community for our most unaccountable lapse. To begin with, Mr. Keene's father is a King of the Turf and a Captain of Finance. This makes the son a Prince of the Race Track, and we presume at least a Corporal of the Currency, in itself a distinction never attained to by a Washington, a Gladstone or a Rojestvensky. In the second place, either he or a race horse that once captured a prize worth having in England was named after the other—it has not been made clear to us which came first, the horse or the gentleman we have wronged—but the point is established that the name Foxhall—not Vauxhall, as we were so ignorant as to intimate—is really one of the most distinguished in the annals of American History. On succeeding counts in the indictment we confess ourselves equally guilty of *lese societé* in failing to recall that Mr. Keene was once injured in an Automobile accident, has been several times Master of the Anise-seed Bag for the first families of Long Island, and has done the Newport Links in two over bogey, and we contritely ask pardon of all those whom in our blindness we may have offended. We apologize even to the newspapers whose Editors we reviled for printing the news of Mr. Keene's family troubles. Had we known how illustrious the gentleman was we could not have said that his private difficulties were of no interest to the public, for they are, and our surprise now is that the space the narration of them took up in the papers was not treble what it was. Indeed, now that we see matters in their true light we wonder that there were not midnight Extras got out and howled through the town by baying hucksters to give the story in greater detail, embellished with portraits of the principals, their sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles, photographs of their present homes and former birth places, anecdotes of their early lives by their colored nurses if they ever had them, or even if they had n't, as long as a public interest could be predicated upon them. In our effort to make things right and to restore the *status quo* anterior to our offense we go so far as to say here and now that if Mr. Keene or any other similarly distinguished citizen of the United States ever again has any trouble of a domestic nature Puck will be the first to rejoice, once he is convinced that the tale is an accurate narration of actual facts.



first to rejoice, once he is convinced that the tale is an accurate narration of actual facts.

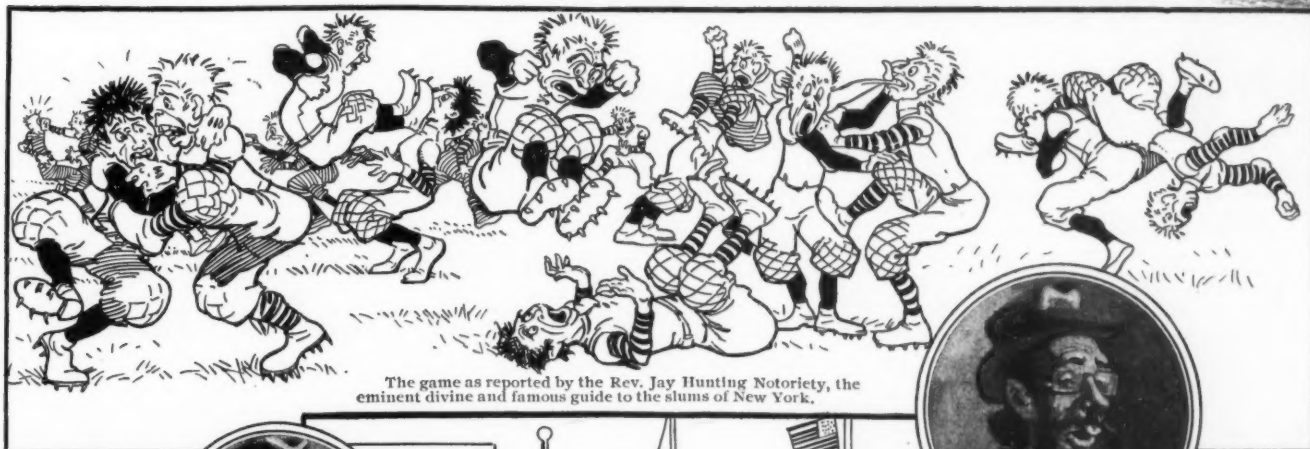
OF COURSE this covers equally the delectable morsels with which we have been regaled in the matter of the alleged marriage of young Mr. Thaw. It is a positive delight to find the doings of this great American narrated in such detail day after day in the public prints. The stories show how we appreciate true genius, and how quick and ready we are to turn the limelight upon persons of high achievement. Before we knew of Mr. Thaw's great services to Art, Letters and Science we were inclined to say that slush naturally follows a thaw, but under the circumstances we can not bring ourselves to indulge in so flippant a treatment of so noble a theme.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

PUCK

OUR LIBERAL EDUCATION

AS VIEWED AND DESCRIBED BY REPRESENTATIVE PEOPLE



The game as reported by the Rev. Jay Hunting Notoriety, the eminent divine and famous guide to the slums of New York.



THE REVEREND
JAY HUNTING
NOTORIETY,
EMINENT DIVINE



The fine points of the game, as told by Miss Claudia Spoonover, the passion poetess.



MISS CLAUDIA
SPOONOVER,
THE FAMOUS
POETESS
OF PASSION



The somnolent aspect of the game, as bitterly reviewed by Hezekiah ("Biff") Slammers, former great half-back of the defeated eleven.



MISTER
JAMES
S. McNUTT.

The contest as described to us by Mr. James S. McNutt, the mixed-ale prize fighter.

MR. J.
ALGERNON
FINNERTY



Diagram showing course of ball during game. Description furnished by J. Algernon Finnerty, boy football expert.
[SPECIAL NOTE: The cross shows where Gallagher broke his leg; the star where Blitz lost his teeth and right ear.]

ALBERT
LEVERING



Monsieur d'en Brochette

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH THERE ARE LIVE AND DEAD ONES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Monsieur d'en Brochette and Count of l'atê de Foie Gras encounters Jules Fagot, a low-born waiter, who is personating the Duke des Pommes de Terre. The latter has been made captive by the conspirators because he refuses to join with the chefs of France to place him on the throne. Count Robert, in unmasking Fagot, thoughtlessly appropriates the mole, the mark of identification of the real Duke, from the waiter's chin, and thus himself becomes the double of the Duke. He finds himself near the Duke's chateau, where he is received as the rightful owner. While there, Fagot, Isabelle, with whom d'en Brochette has fallen madly in love, and the Chevalier de Brie, a swash-buckler of considerable renown, arrive. Isabelle, at the instance of d'en Brochette, denounces Fagot as an impostor, and in the midst of the confusion attending the incident the real Duke, who has escaped from the prison, arrives and confronts the two masqueraders. A battle of wit ensues and d'en Brochette convinces the retainers that he is the true Duke. The real Duke, his face hid in the famous Iron Mask of history, is led to a donjon, and d'en Brochette, turning to greet Isabelle, finds himself confronted by De Brie. The two men fight a duel, in which De Brie receives a mortal thrust. D'en Brochette is about to leave the scene, when there is a terrific explosion. Fagot has blown up the chateau.

HOW I ESCAPED death, M'sieur, will ever to me be a mystery. *Mon Dieu!* The horror of that fearful instant! From light to pitchy blackness; from security to utter chaos; from laughter, music and feasting to groans and horror indescribable; from earth to eternity; and all, M'sieurs, in one brief moment.

How much of the Chateau was still intact, how much of it had fallen I knew not, and no mind had I at the time to ascertain. My first thought, my all absorbing thought, was of Isabelle. Where was she? Had she, like myself, been spared by a miracle; or was she, like the Chevalier de Brie, a lifeless? *Mon Dieu!* Even now, and years afterward, I shudder as I think and tell of it.

I knew not then as I staggered to my feet and stumbled dizzily for the first few steps that the doings of the night were far from over. I knew not then, what is more, that the wretched Fagot's cowardly crime would set a new scene in the drama of d'en Brochette; that ere the night was through, I would be a witness of developments impossible had the stones of Chateau Pommes de Terre remained, as they had been before, one atop the other. Lastly, I recked not that for the time being even thoughts of Isabelle would be driven from my mind, only to return, however, a thousand fold on the strength of that which I was to see and hear. *Pardieu!* M'sieurs, that was a night!

Shaken, bewildered, but still with a sense of direction, I felt my way o'er a mass of building material to the door of the room in which De Brie and I, but minutes before, had supped and fought. Through a shattered window, a ray of moonlight shone, and creeping inch by inch toward the center of the floor, it bathed the face of the dead De Brie, fixed and grim, in a ghastly hue. Some wreckage from the table had fallen on the Chevalier's breast-plate, and peering closer, an upturned dish of *Glace de Peches à la Creme* I perceived it to be.

"By *Saint Entremet!*" I muttered, laughing the while a low, unearthly laugh. "Thou hast, indeed, thy desserts, Chevalier. *Sacre nom de diable!* What is that?"

Straight before me, M'sieurs, mingling the fitful light of a candle with the feeble illuming of a waning moon, I saw a portly female of middle age. Her dress, of a whitish material and of a strange bygone fashion, was much disordered. Her hair, likewise. But her eyes — *parbleu!* — they burned and flashed with a fire unquenchable. In her right hand she carried what I judged to be a mahogany table-leg. In her left, high above her head, evidently to guide her through the mazes of the chateau, on some ghostly quest, she held a single candle.

Easily could I have kept from her sight had the thought occurred to me, or the need required it, but so struck was I with the unlooked for spectacle — a spectre-like female, solitary and silent, treading her way at midnight through a ruined chateau — that for the moment I gave no thought to self at all; and thus it was she saw me when but inches of floor space were between us.



She gleamed at me with those demon eyes.

For perchance four seconds, she gleamed, glowed, glared at me with those demon eyes and then —

"At last!" she hissed.

"At last!!" she cried.

"At last, Gaspard Henri Pierre, Duke des Pommes de Terre," she was screaming now, and her

voice broke twice with vindictive passion. "At last, after fourteen years, we face each other. Who knows better than I the purpose of this plot of plots? Who knows better than I whom you designed to kill — aye, to kill — when with giant-powder you achieved this wreck of wrecks? Who knows, better than I, knave of knaves, that your shameless schemes are frustrated? I am free once more. The explosion, which basely you planned and executed, hoping thereby for the death of your lawful and wedded wife, did but burst asunder the walls of her secret prison, and she — she — it left unscathed. Varlet, this is but the first!"

With a swiftness and suddenness remarkable in one so aged, and so liberally endowed with averdupois, this foaming, fuming female, this hag of Hades, drew back the table leg which she carried and brought it down full force in line with my unclad head. With an oath, I dodged, but at that, the thing descended on my shoulder, and half felled me.

"*Ventre Moulin Rouge*, woman!" I cursed. "What fiend's deed is this? Who are you — speak!"

Then ere she could answer, the dame's frenzied words flashed o'er me and behold! I knew. "His lawful and wedded wife." Whose forsooth? Why, who else but the Duke des Pommes de Terre, M'sieurs. He, and no other. And this woman, the Duchess, if her words were true, had been walled up a prisoner in her own domicile for fourteen years, the Duke, meanwhile, as a bachelor or a widower — I knew not which he called himself — having gaily gaddened from one end of France to the other.

"And thrice spit him!" thought I, in a rage, "betrothed at this moment, if he be still alive, to the virtuous, the incomparable Isabelle!"

Thanking the fates for their timely interruption, I made up my mind instant. This masquerading should cease.

"Madame," I cried. "Your Grace — I crave your pardon, but I am not your husband."

"Not my husband?" she queried, incredulously. "Not the Duke? Then who, if the devil's name, are ye?"

She was fingering the table-leg again and discreetly I drew back.

"'Tis even so," she said at length, after scanning me well in the candle light, "you are not he. You are a younger man. But so like, so like."

"See," added I. "Reck you that His Grace, your beloved spouse, was possessed among other things, of a mole? Behold!" — and with a deft movement, I flicked the putty from my chin.

"Enough!" cried the Duchess, "I am quite convinced. Deprive yourself of nothing more, M'sieur, I beg." And then, in something of the shrewish voice in which I first had heard her speak — "But if you are not the Duke, in truth, then where is he? Where is the prop of my declining years? My soul's affinity? Answer! But do not tell me that he is dead."

She was screaming again and her screams echoed and re-echoed through the dark and silent chateau — silent save only for the drop, from battlements to wine vaults, of an occasional girder.

"Your Grace," I began, bowing low, "My lord, the Duke, to the best of my poor knowledge and belief, is alive and fairly well, though, it may be, a trifle shaken up."

"For that, the Saints be glorified!" she cried. "New zest and keen hath it added to the chase. And I shall find him — where, M'sieur?"

"In the bottom-most cell of the Keep, your Grace."

"Whither he went to escape destruction, I doubt not, whilst some of his minions blew up the Chateau. Blew up this chateau! — Hah! the wretch of wretches! — which, mark me, M'sieur, he has held for years in my name! On

PUCK

to the keep. And you, M'sieur, take you the light and prithee lead the way."

She was raving again and twitching the table-leg.

Over piles of debris, over beams and timber, over furniture in hopeless chaos and floors bestrewn with stone and mortar, we took our painful way to the gloom of the donjon. Not a trace of a guard, alive or dead, was to be seen, but there, almost under our feet, as we crept cautiously along, I saw with a thrill—shall I say a thrill of triumph, M'sieurs?—the body of Jules Fagot.

"T is he!" shrieked the Duchess, as she came within the circle of light. "Killed! Killed! And I not by his side!"

The Duchess was sobbing now.

"Ah, M'sieur," she added, grimly, I thought, "in my present mood, five minutes by his side would have been quite sufficient, both for him and for me."

Should I tell this woman, pondered I, that once again she was mistaken? Should Fagot be honored, even in death, by the attentions of a Duchess? I hesitated, M'sieurs; and then, as if expressly to dispel my doubts, we heard a cry.

"A moi, les Pommes Souffles, a moi!" were the muffled words. The voice came from the depths of the keep, at the entrance to which we stood, and I recognized it at once as the Duke's own. Instantly I stole a glance at the Duchess. She, too, had recognized.

"M'sieur," she said, and how strangely calm her voice was now, "I wot not how many Dukes this house hath harbored since, fourteen years come Micklemas, I was brutally thrust in a secret chamber and guarded, but that, M'sieur of the putty mole, is the voice of the Duke I used to know. The key is there, M'sieur. Unlock you the door."

"Prithee, your Grace, one moment," murmured I, my hand on the massive bolt, "Is 't courteous, think you, to now disturb my lord, the Duke? He may wish to spend in meditation the few remaining hours of his bachelorhood. His Grace—I no longer can conceal it—His Grace is betrothed to one Isabelle, the reigning Paris beauty, and the wedding, so 't is said, is set for Tuesday at high noon."

What a scream was that, M'sieurs, which sounded in my open ears! *Parbleu!* Beside it, the others had been whispered nothings.

"Betrothed! Married! High Noon!" shrieked the Duchess. "*Sacre Beurre Noir!* Stand aside and let me to him!"

Wide I swung the donjon door.

"Coming, Gaspard Henri Pierre!" shrilled this Fury Emeritus, rushing headlong down the passage toward a dim light at the farther end. "Coming, Gaspard, after fourteen years. *A moi, les Pommes Souffles, a moi!*"

Fast as I could, I followed, but even so, my speed was that of the snail compared with hers. Mercury himself, i' faith, knew no such winged feet.

When at length I reached the cell, in which but scant two hours before—how like an age it seemed—I, d'en Brochette, had ordered the Duke cast, I witnessed a tableau that will ever come before me, an' I choose to recall it.

Parbleu! If great is the fury of a woman scorned, what may not the anger be of one locked up for fourteen years? I saw with a start that the Duke's head was bare. The Iron Mask—to this day, M'sieurs, I marvel at it—lay cracked and broken on the damp stone floor. To this day, moreover, I wot not whether it was the concussion of Fagot's blast that loosened it, or whether 't was the table-leg in the lusty grasp of Her Grace.

"The Mask! The Mask!" the Duke in his chains, was groaning. "*Sacre Saumon Hollandaise!* The Mask, I beseech ye. Once more within it encase my hapless head. To the Bastille with me! To the gallows! To the devil! But away from Pommes de Terre!"

There was a grating in the masonry of the Duke's cell, a cell so deep that it had escaped the devastation above. It communicated with the outer air just atop the level of the water and from it the outer wall and the principal gate of the chateau were plainly to be seen in the flood of moonlight. On this gate, then, at the very moment the Duke brought his tirade to an end, there fell a steady succession of mighty blows, delivered it must seem, with fists of mail, so all compelling were they. Then there came stern shouts—and *Ma Foi!*—Have your hearts ever tenanted your throats, M'sieurs? Mine, forsooth, arose straightway.

"Open!" came the stern command. "Open, at once, in the King's name!"

"In the King's name!" I gasped blankly.

"The King?" muttered the Duke, in rapidly growing delirium. "The King, say you? Aye, bid him welcome. Open the gates. Down with the draw-bridge, vassals. Minions, attend, and receive your lord."

Then came the knocking and the shouting anew.

"OPEN! OPEN IN THE KING'S NAME!"

Next Week, Chapter X.
"In Which the King Takes a Hand."



"The mask, I beseech ye?"

POLITICAL NOTE.

"WHAT's this I hear about Depew's not being re-elected to the Senate?" queried Smithson of Wirepuller, the politician.

"It's all true," said Wirepuller. "There's a general impression abroad that Depew hasn't got enough new jokes to last through another term, so they're thinking of electing Marshall P. Wilder to the office instead."



THE BEST PLACE OF ALL.

Phyllis' head is sweetly set,
As I've often told her.
But it looks far lovelier yet
Placed upon my shoulder.

INDISTINCT.

"I ONCE knew a Frenchman who never could clearly distinguish between the words immortal and immoral."

"Ah?"

"Fact! He was a dramatist."

"Yes?"

"And he learned the English language in our own America."

EXPLAINED.

KELLY.—Glory be! But is n't it a picture av yersilf I see in th' newspapers advertisin' that new patint medicine an' sayin' it cured yez av chronic rheumatism? Shure divil a wan iver suspected that ye wor troubled wid any kind av rheumatism.

CLANCY.—Troth, I niver suspected it mesilf till I took wan bottle av the medicine an' tin dollars.

CLEVER CLARA.

"CLARA has engaged a lawyer for her divorce suit who weighs two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Yes, she said she needed a stout defense."

A PENNY saved is a penny burned—later on.



LIKELY TO DROP.

WEARY WAGGLES.—De lady give me a brand new overcoat.
DUSTY RHODES.—Is her husband dead?
WEARY WAGGLES.—Well, if he ain't dead he 'll be wishin' he was, when he finds it out.

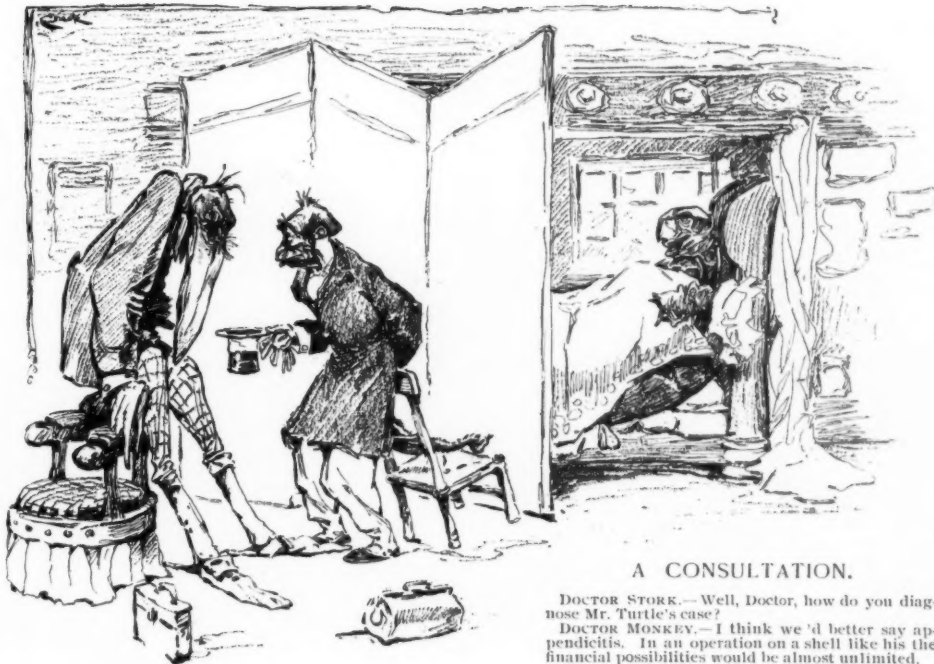


OVERHEARD AT THE HORSE SHOW.

DICK.—I was mighty sorry for Dolly when she missed the Blue Ribbon. Was n't she terribly disappointed?

BELLE.—Oh, dreadfully at first. But she recovered. When she realized that the Red Ribbon was far more becoming to her gown than the blue one could possibly have been, she was satisfied.

PUCK



A CONSULTATION.

DOCTOR STORK.—Well, Doctor, how do you diagnose Mr. Turtle's case?
DOCTOR MONKEY.—I think we'd better say appendicitis. In an operation on a shell like his the financial possibilities would be almost unlimited.

HE WONDERED.

THE PASTOR'S LITTLE BOY.—You never joke at a funeral, do you, Papa?

THE PASTOR.—Certainly not, my son!

THE PASTOR'S LITTLE BOY.—Then, why do you sometimes say, Papa, that the dead man has gone to his eternal rest and joined the Heavenly choir?

FILIAL.

GLADYS and Gertrude said: "Faugh!"
And Beryl and Gwendolyn: "Pshaugh!"
When their mother made breaks,
And painful mistakes,
But Imogene only said: "Maugh!"

HIS JUDGMENT.

"WELL—er-h'm—prisoner at the bar," began old 'Squire Peavy, a somewhat moss-grown but eminently astute Arkansas Justice of the Peace, "this court finds you guilty of kissin' this woman, as charged, and sentences you to jail for thirty days for the offence; but, as a sort of consolation, it commends to your notice, to think on while you are languishin' in durance vile, as they call it in stories, the fact that many a man has paid the penalty of a life-time of bondage for the same sort of foolishness, and you may consider yourself pretty dod-durned lucky to get off this easy."

HIS MOURNFUL COGITATION.

"THE TROUBLE," dejectedly mused the Hon. Thomas Rott, politician, "is that when the office sets out to seek the man some other feller 'most always gits in the way, and secures the abduction, which is sorter discouragin'."

LOST AND FOUND.

LADY.—Oh, that big dog is n't the one I lost and advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier.
BOY.—Yes'm. Your dog 's inside o' dis one!



HER BROAD BROW.

"POOR, dear Llewellyn—" The carelessly-lingering way in which she pronounced the name made you, somehow, think of the taste of a nice, large caramel. "—is *such* a bad writer! I really do not know whether this note from him is an invitation to accompany him somewhere or a proposal of marriage."

The pucker of perplexity presently disappeared from between her brows.

"But, to be on the safe side, I'll just accept with pleasure, and await results."

A HELPFUL HINT.

"ALL I've got to say for him," pessimistically growled honest but sadly abraded Farmer Tootwiler, "is that my city nephew, that 's visitin' us just now, ain't got as much good, sound sense as a barrel of hair, even if he does wear fine clothes and intellectual-lookin' eye-glasses. Last night while I was milkin' I tied the old brindle cow's tail to my boot-strap to keep her from switchin' my eyes out. Something frightened her, and she gave a wild blat, started to run, and dragged me three times around the

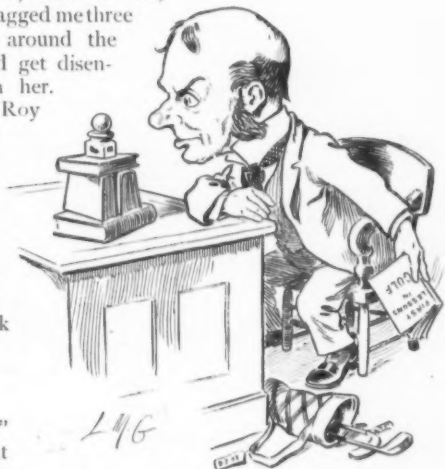
barn on my back before I could get disengaged, so to describe it, from her.

Roy—that 's his name!—Roy watched me circumnavigatin' the edifice, as it were, without raisin' a hand to stop us, and when it was over he calmly lit one of them confounded cigarettes and gently remarked:

"If you are going to do that again, Uncle, would n't it be a good idea to grease your back before starting?"

HIS STATUS.

"WHAT kind of a chap is he?"
"Oh, one of the sort that will lie when the truth would do just as well."



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"This book says that the most important thing about golf is to keep your eye on the ball. I can practice that without a link."

THE YOUNG GRAMMARIAN.

I KNOW a young grammarian.
She's only three feet high,
And yet she conjugates a verb,
With far more sense than I.
For when I ask her "Did you go?"
Her words by logic sent
Are heard in answer: "Yes, I goed."
(She never says "I went.")

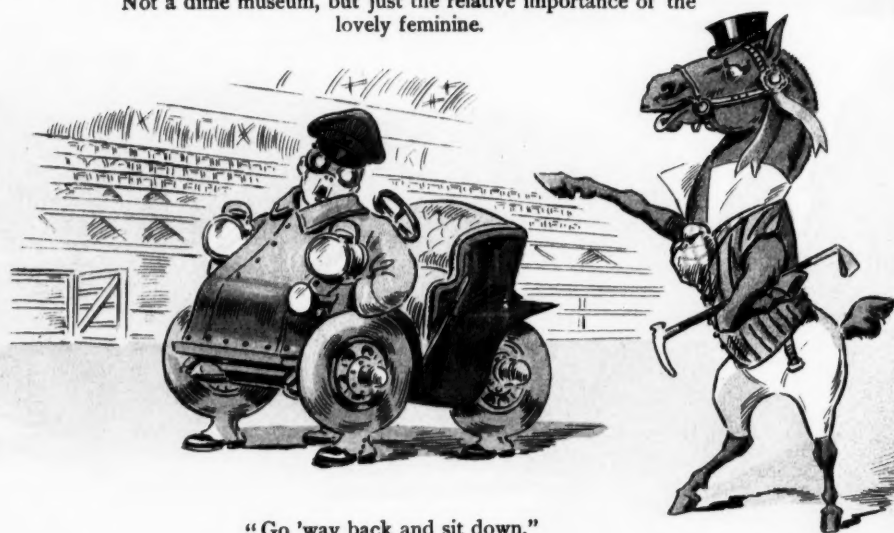
She's only four, yet with the verbs,
She never has a doubt;
The ones that have a crooked twist,
She promptly straightens out.
And rules the grammar sharps reverse,
Get shocks both swift and rude—
She never, never says "I did,"
She always says "I doed."

With be and was and being been,
With see and saw and seen,
With go and went and going gone,
With meaning meant and mean—
I often wish that at the start,
Some four year old Hortense,
Had goed to making grammar rules,
And doed the thing with sense!

Earle Hooker Eaton.



Not a dime museum, but just the relative importance of the lovely feminine.



"Go 'way back and sit down."



Golden opportunities for Bowery sartorial experts.



Fashion's shrine — HORSE
AT THE HORSE



THE LAST STRAW.

LADY NOTASENT (*nee Gotrox*).—I shall most certainly sue you for divorce.

LORD NOTASENT.—Please don't, my dear. I've worked your dad for enough now, without bracing him for alimony.

ACROSS THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

A SHY Little Widow, having Inside Information as to the Financial Rating of a Certain Widower running At Large, and Looked Upon as an Eligible Parti, resolved to Marry him Out of Hand. She, the Widow, heard Two Things greatly to his, the Widower's, credit, viz.: that He had Slathers of Wealth and that He was Pining, really Pining, for Some Good Woman to help Him enjoy it. Yes, indeed! So straightway this Shy Little Widow fell Madly in Love with this Man. It is a Pleasure to record that Her Love was Reciprocated at the First Glance, the More Particularly as this Man, too, had Private Advices, which reputed the Widow as being Well Off. Their Marriage was at One Day's Sight. No cards. No carriages.

The Very Next Day this Widower had Conversation with His Bride concerning Her Accumulations.

"It is True I am Well Off," she frankly told him. "I do not Come to You Empty-Handed. I Bring you Forty-seven Cents in Cold Cash and the Divorce Papers from my First Husband. Take them All; they are Yours." Then, as became the True wife, she required of Him a Schedule of His Riches.

"My Available Assets," he confessed, "are Seven Children and a Chronic Case of Gout. Of course I expect to Share Everything with you."

DEVOTION.

Oh, here you see that charming maid, Miss Flaxilocks O'Grady:—She's in the chorus, but her Skye Calls her his leading lady.

MORAL: It is Well to Remember there Are Others, and that before Selling Out to the Highest Bidder one should always Take an Account of Stock.

John Ed. Quinn.

HELP.

"I AM neglected!" exclaimed Religion, in despair. "Men have no use for me any more."

Fashion pitied her unhappy sister.

"Be of good cheer, I will help you," said Fashion, and decreed that henceforth the plug hats be trimmed with passementerie, whole birds and garden truck, and worn indoors.

And hereupon quite as many men as women were religious.

IN THE BARNYARD.

THE DUCK.—I heard the farmer vowing to gosh that the old top-knot hen laid an egg yesterday that appeared to be petrified. Wonder what she'll do next?

THE GOBBLER.—Lay a corner-stone, probably.



A REMONSTRANCE.

UNCLE MOSE.—See hyah, you Fido. Ef yo'll do a li'l less scratchin' fo' yo'self an' mo' fo' me, yo'll come closer t' earnin' yo' libbin'.

The still small voice of conscience is sometimes so irritating that one is tempted to retort that talk is cheap.

PUCK

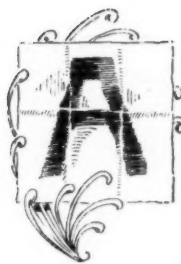


BETWEEN FRIENDS.

GLADYS.—I refused Ferdy two weeks ago and he has been drinking heavily ever since.

ETHEL.—Is n't it about time he stopped celebrating?

CATASTROPHE.



CATASTROPHE involving appalling loss of life took place at the station of the P. D. Q. railway this morning.

Owing to causes at present a mystery, the ticket agent suddenly became the soul of affability.

The station was crowded with men, women and children at the time. They had no warning. To make matters worse, the sight of persons falling dead near the ticket window threw the others into a panic and many were trampled in the rush that ensued.

The agent answered upwards of ten questions civilly in a loud voice before he could be stopped.

The company disclaims all liability for what they term the act of God.

The coroner will probe the affair to the bottom.

FORCE OF HABIT.

THE two friends had been telling stories of the sagacity shown by dogs. One of them had just finished what the other considered to be a greatly exaggerated yarn of a dog he had once owned.

"That's nothing," spoke up the other. "When I was a boy there used to be a mongrel cur on our street that got so used to having the boys tie tin cans to his tail he would back up to every old can he saw lying around. It's a fact that one time, when the string by which we had tied a can to his tail broke, he came back to be re-canned."

HIS WISDOM.

"ALWAYS tell the truth," said Uncle Timrod Tarpy, apropos of something which he did not exactly make clear. "Abhor a lie, keep your word on a parity with your bond, owe no man anything, be honorable, avoid vain contentions—and nobody will ever mistake you for a member of the legislature, no matter how much whiskey you drink."

IT WAS PROBABLY TRUE.

"YES," said the City Editor, with a note of regret in his voice. "I was sorry to discharge Spacer. He was the best fire reporter we had. The trouble came last week. He wrote an obituary of Van Sandt Sapleigh and ended up by saying, 'The loss was fully covered by insurance.'"

STILL FAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.

[AFTER TOM HOOD,—SIXTY YEARS.]

BEN KHAKI was a soldier brave,
Who took delight in arms,
Preferring those of Nellie Gray
To those of war's alarms.

When Ben he popped the question Nell
A bashful "yes" let drop;
And as she was an orphan he
Had not to question Pop.

"To Taft I'll hie to-morrow, Nell;
His word our bliss shall crown."
So bright and early Ben turned up,
But Taft he turned him down.

"Young man, the army's overwived;
'T is time to draw the line.
Go, bear the arms of Nellie Gray;
You cannot shoulder mine.

"The dollars that you earn are few,
However loud you chink 'em;
The income of a private, Ben,
Is not a private income."

Said Ben, "For fame and glory I
No longer care a hoot.
Take back your clothes of blue; I'll go
And press my other suit."

But when Ben told his Nellie he
Got measured for a "sack,"
Said Ben, "You offer me affront,
And yet you turn your back.

"O Nellie Gray, O Nellie Gray,
To marry me you swore."
"I could not love you, Ben," said she,
"Loved I not buttons more.

"When you did wear your buttons, Ben,
My love for you was warm.
Women are homogeneous—
They love the uniform."

Poor Ben, this was too much for him.
He left his faithless bride.
They found him in an eating house,
"With a steak in his inside."

B. L. T.

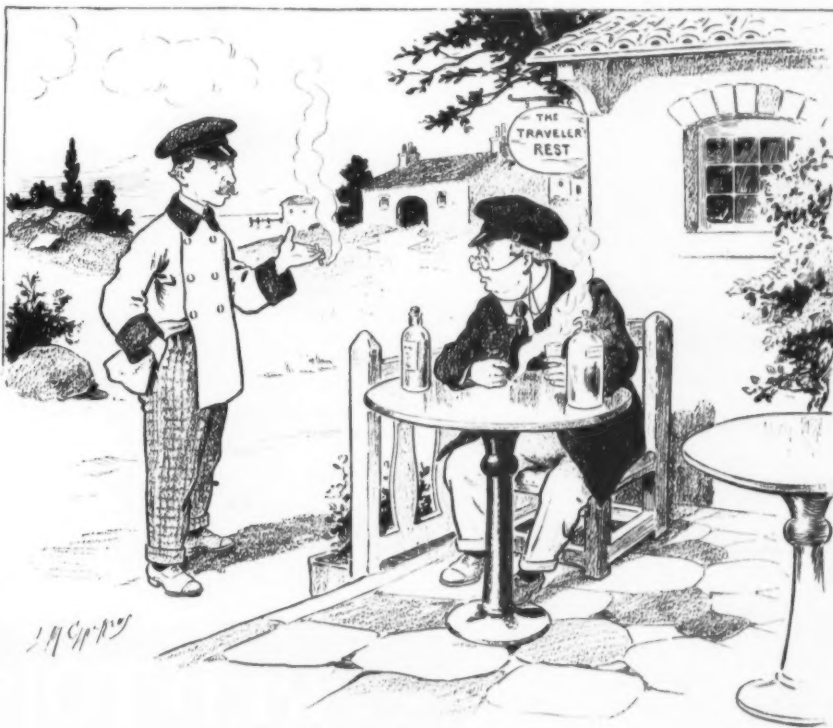
SHOULDERS.

"LABOR Omnia Vincit."

The first youth believed, and put his shoulder to the wheel, and made a fair living, at least during the busy season.

But the other youth doubted, and went out and saw the new moon over his shoulder, and presently was cutting coupons off bonds.

This fable teaches that he who does n't doubt is n't necessarily so damned, after all.



REAL NERVE.

BLINKERS.—Could you lend me your racing-auto for the afternoon, old chap?

TOOTER.—Why—er—yes.

BLINKERS.—Thanks awfully. And say—er—could you lend me the price of a couple of fines or so?

Get It

If an alcoholic stimulant be not pure, it will not be recommended as a tonic. Physicians, knowing the maturity, purity, quality of



Hunter Baltimore Rye

recommend and prescribe it.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

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PUCK

REVERY.

I remember, I remember —
What the deuce *do* I recall? —
I — oh, yes, this is November,
The concluding month of Fall.

A BABY born on the steamship
Romanic now bears the name of that
vessel. Lucky it was n't the Kaiser
Wilhelm der Grosse.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

"WHICH WAY is the sun moving?" asks Dr. Parkhurst. Puck's impression is that the sun is moving in a zigzag line from the northwest to the south-east; but you never can tell.

THE LOVE LETTERS of a Princess of Egypt, recently deciphered, were engraved on bricks. When the Romeo of that period tossed his love missive through Juliet's window, father had to put in another pane of glass.



ALAS! TOO TRUE.

"I'm afraid he don't mean more 'n half wot he says."
"Well, dat's a whole lot fer a guy to mean when he's court-
ing a goil, you know."

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's
Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill
that "tired feeling."

THE ESTEEMED Brooklyn *Eagle* characterizes a campaign as a "flamboyant periodicity." This explains a great many things which hitherto were unfathomable.

MR. NIKOLA FOURFLUSHA, the alleged "wizard," in criticising the Subway remarks that the Rapid Transit company never asked him for expert advice or suggestion. The R. T. company probably thought that Nikola was too busy with his airline subway to Mars to bother with such a trifle as our tube.

RED TOP RYE

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

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**BOSTON
GARTER**
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION
BUTTON
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Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Send
50c. for Silk,
25c. for Cotton,
Sample Pair.
Geo. Frost Co., Makers,
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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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Publishers on receipt of price.

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How CAN one expect a sober second
thought from a Russian naval officer if,
as charged, he is full of vodka? Let
us be consistent in our criticism.

PARSIFAL road companies are next
in order. On the kerosene circuit, the
leading scene will be Parsifal's escape
from Kundry over the ice at night,
and the pursuit by seven—count
them—ferocious blood-hounds.

San Francisco—Four Days from New York or Boston—By New York Central.

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New York to New Orleans

ON STEAMERS

"COMUS" AND "PROTEUS"

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Pacific**

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Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico,
Arizona, California

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New York, 349 Broadway Baltimore, 210 No. Charles St.
Syracuse, 129 So. Franklin St.

THE INITIAL fist fight in the Subway
Tavern, dedicated by Bishop Potter, has
taken place. There is no authority for
saying that it was a sanctified scrap.

NATURAL WHISKEY



BOTTLED IN BOND
WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

PUCKERINGS.

GENERAL APATHY is also on the
retired list.

Now to the auto face, the Kangaroo
walk, and others of that class, there
is added the "Subway odor." Wel-
come, stranger!

WHEN Admiral Rojestvensky breaks
into our American magazines, his copy
should be headed: "Wild torpedo
boats I have seen, which were not
there."

"ROTHCHILDS to help the Czar to
\$270,000,000," says a local contem-
porary. The Czar, we trust, will not
be so ill-mannered as to pass his plate
for a second helping.

THE young woman, who tears a
breadth from her skirt and bandages
neatly the wounds of the injured
stranger has become quite numerous
lately. Next, in the department store
announcements, the Red Cross skirt,
made of antiseptic lace and cambric.
Watch for it.

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In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet
Located for Quiet and Ease. Near
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necting with all Ferries pass the door.



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Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

"BOULE tells fate of crew long
dead," we read in a newspaper sea
story. Boule tells the fate of many a
man long dead.

DESCRIBING an air-ship trial at St.
Louis, a graphic word painter declares
that "it flew like a bird." Where-
abouts in our reading have we met
with these words before? Why not
for variety's sake change the phrase to
"it flew like an alligator pear," or "it
soared like a subway," or something
equally descriptive?

AN ASSAULT on a foot-ball player, three days after a game, by members of
the opposing team, is a distinct advance in the art of Autumn slugging. Its
best advantage lies in the fact that neither referee nor umpire is liable to be
present. Then again, there is no "time out" for inquiries.



LOGICAL.

"What were your election expenses?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you spent a whole lot."

"I did; but I was n't elected."

Inactive liver, depressed spirits—make both right
with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Ab-
bott's will revolutionize the system.

"BUT the people will have to decide."—*New York Herald.*

By Jove, come to think of it, the *Herald* was right!

AN EPIDEMIC of pink eye recently broke out in a Jersey school for boys.
More common in the foot-ball season is an epidemic of black eye.

THE oldest voter, who "sawed and split a cord of wood the day before
election" and "came to the polls unassisted," was this year found in Long
Island.

THE WEALTHY, but mad, foreigner that the Austrian police arrested
recently is said to call himself "the Emperor of Sahara." Not inconsistent, by
any means, so long as he has dust in plenty.

HERR CONRIED, in his movement to elevate the "supes," confidently
expects to have Smith and Vassar represented on his stage. Why this dis-
crimination, Mein Herr! Have Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Wells and Barnard, not
to mention Harvard Annex, no "supe" ability?

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

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yourself
for Christmas money. Use
the Loftis System and make \$5 or \$10 do
the work of \$100. You may select any
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Make it stand out in sharp contrast to the other kind.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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or from

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ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY ought to be made a full Admiral—officially.

SUBSISTING ENTIRELY on raw meat and ice, a tramp spent three days recently in a refrigerator car. Just think of it. Three whole days at the expense of the Beef Trust and the Ice Trust. Favored mortal!

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



To our Friends:
"Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us
Shall on them settle."

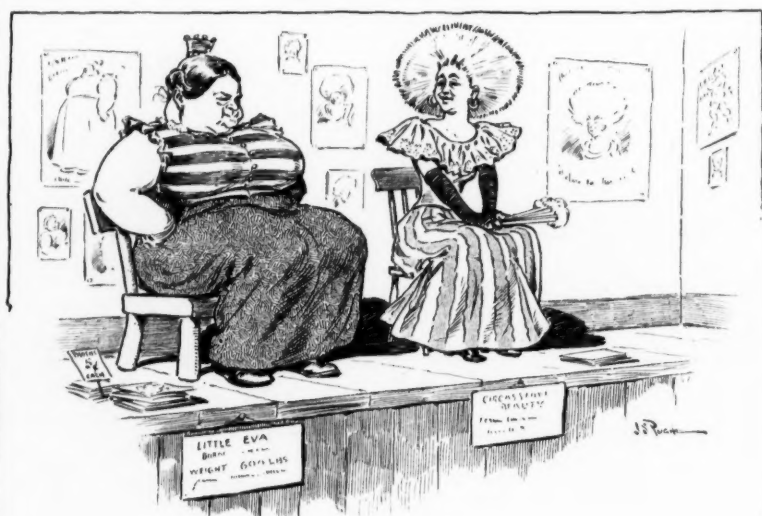
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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

NOW THAT we have colonies, how would it do to ship our colonizers thither? The election, as usual, unearthed quite a crop.

NO TRACE has been found of the bomb or hand-grenade which a policeman declared went off on Fifth Avenue beneath a fine brougham. Policeman is probably of Russian descent.



TOO MUCH PRACTICE.

THE ADIPOSE LADY.—The Human Fly seems to be out of sorts to-day.

THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL.—No wonder;—he told me the twins were indisposed, last night, and he had to walk the ceiling with them for four hours.

A YOUNG WOMAN in the Patent Office plunked 26,000 words in one day on her typewriter. What is she doing in the Patent Office! She should be writing historical novels.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

AROMATIC DELICACY,
MILDNESS AND PURITY.



Milo
CIGARETTES.



VESUVIUS is belching forth columns of dust. Why? House-cleaning in Hades?

A MAN COMPLAINS to the police that while he slept he was robbed of fourteen concertinas. Why complain? Any man losing fourteen concertinas becomes at once a public benefactor.

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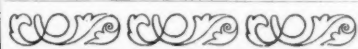
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the Natural Product
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES
Sold The World Over

THE MAYER BROS. CO.

CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

By THE way, was it Secretary Hay who called that Peace Congress, or our neighbor, *The American*, nee *Journal*? Somebody please set us right.

VLADIVOSTOK is getting a lot of supplies these days. Vladivostoking up for the winter, as it were.

"THE INDIAN is passing," reports Commissioner Jones. As he never gets more than a pair of deuces on the deal we don't blame him for staying out.

A GRACE CHURCH pew sold at auction recently for \$1,550. Cheer up, faint hearts! You can still get seats on the bleachers for twenty-five cents apiece.



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(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

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ALERT dictionary makers should not overlook "Odellism" in the next revision.

A HOUSE BELONGING to Russell Sage was damaged by fire to the extent of \$25. Never mind, Uncle; others beside you are wearing last year's overcoat.

GARRETT P. SERVISS heads one of his instructive astronomy talks, "News from the Sun's nearest Neighbor." Which does the professor refer to? *The World* or the *Tribune*?

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THE FIG.—Do you find your new editor, Mr. Goat, does his work satisfactorily?

MANAGER RAM.—Oh! quite—and, besides, he saves us the expense of buying a waste-paper basket by eating all the rejected manuscripts.

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SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

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A LECTURER observes that men have no eyes for attractive windows. Windows of the soul (feminine) presumably excepted.

PUCK hereby gives notice that if some one does n't hurry up and dramatize the Grand Lama of Tibet he will do it himself. Splendid subject going to waste.

ONE BRIDE gets a check for \$50,000 and another one for \$40,000 as a wedding gift. We venture the remark that where such assets are visible, marriage is never quite a failure.

COLONEL CODY's bandit hunt will probably be part of his show next season; the bandits riding ten times around the ring; the posse seven times; and the "kill" taking place just in front of the seventy-five cent section.



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A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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A TREASURY MAN has calculated that a hundred dollar bill will support a weight of forty-seven pounds. Properly placed it will support a whole family for a considerable period.

CARL SCHURZ says there are two Roosevelts and the Brooklyn *Eagle* avers that there is only one Cleveland. Query: If an egg and a half costs a cent and a half, how much will seven hens cost?

"THE GENTLEMAN DETECTIVE"—he is the latest thing in police. Probably one of our regular headquarters detectives completely disguised.

MANY MEN who have gone wrong because of a phonograph next door will be surprised to learn that the phonograph is recommended as a cure for drunkenness.

WE CAN credit the report that the Kaiser is disappointed because England and Russia did n't get at it. The Kaiser enjoys a fight, though personally the most peaceful man in the world. Wherein he differs mainly from our Kaiser.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

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TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.